

DIVINE
SONGS, HYMNS,
AND OTHER
POEMS.

By DANIEL TURNER. /

*Sit Parens Rerum miki Carmen; illum
Vox canat, Sensus petat, et remotis
Quisquis est Fibris Vigor, et Sacratum
Nomen honoret*

Buchan. Pf. ciii. i.

In English thus.

Be the great Parent of the Worlds my Song;
Be his my panting Heart & tuneful Tongue;
Let all Life's inmost Pow'rs with rapture glow
The sacred Honours of his Name to show.

READING:

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POETRY

BY DANIEL TERNER



Printed, and sold by S. BLACKMAN at the
King's Arms in St. Paul's Church-yard,
and A. WARD at the King's Arms in Little
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T H E P R E F A C E.



VERY one that offers his Thoughts to the Publick, hath, or ought to have, a Desire to please and a Value for the Esteem of his Readers; and yet if he hath any Modesty in him, he will also feel a Jealousy lest he should be disappointed, and instead of their Approbation, meet with their Censure: This, I suppose, is what induces many Authors to make such awkward Excuses, and affected Apologies, as they often do.

As for my Part, tho' I confess I have a Reverence for the public Opinion, and should be very sorry if these little Compositions of mine, should draw upon me the Contempt of any Person of good Sense and Candour, who may happen to peruse them; yet, on the other Hand, I must own, I had a Mind for several Reasons (not necessary to be mentioned) to expose them in this Manner; and I was particularly encouraged in my Inclination, by this Thought---That as I knew myself very much below the Notice of Persons of more refin'd Genius, they

would naturally overlook me, and I should be in no Danger of Censure from them --- And as for the Candid and Impartial of a lower Class, who yet, have a Relish for the Pleasures of Verse, I had the Vanity to think they might find something here that might be an acceptable Amusement. If I am mistaken, I shall not only endeavour to bear the Disappointment with becoming Resolution, but hope I shall also learn to think more justly of myself hereafter.

It may be objected, the World is full of Books of all Kinds, and particularly that the Scriblers in Poetry abound, and consequently that there was no Need of my increasing the Number. I allow Indeed that we have too many Things in Verse of a dangerous Tendency. Wicked Men of almost all Capacities, have labour'd with all their Might, and employ'd all the Embellishments of Art and Fancy they were Masters of, to hide the Deformity of Vice, and paint it amiable; and thus, while ingenious Minds think to please and divert themselves, they are insensibly drawn into the Snares of the Devil, to the apparent Hazard of their dearest and most important Interest. But as to Poetry of the better Kind we have much too little of it; and therefore, I can't but think that now and then, even a meaner Pen (and that without the Imputation of being unfashionably Zealous) may be indulg'd the Liberty of endeavouring at something in Favour of Virtue and Piety, whose Interests also are in some Measure capable of being promoted by the divine Beauties of poetic Thoughts, and the charming

The PREFACE

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ing Power of harmonious Numbers. And this is a Liberty that may be the more readily allow'd, because those of superior Abilities, and thorough Capacity for this kind of Writing are very few of them willing to appear on this Side of the Question. Besides, it should be remember'd in Favour of such Writers as myself, That amongst the great Numbers that delight in reading Verse, and may possibly receive real Advantage by it, there are, comparatively, few that are capable of judging nicely of the Genius of their Author, and consequently, in no Danger of taking Offence at those Blemishes that would displease a Critic.

I shall only add, that I hope none of my Readers will do me the Injustice to imagine that I am so blind to Truth, and so stupidly Vain as to entertain the least Thought of setting up for a Poet, or rivaling those great Names that have oblig'd the World this Way; no---my Time and my Genius too forbid me to make Poetry any Thing more than an occasional Amusement; and therefore the most that I do, is to write now and then an Ode, or a short Copy of Verses, to praise my God, or please my Friend: If these few Composures should answer those Ends I shall not think my Labour lost.

READING,
Dec. 12; 1746.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST
SETTLEMENT TO THE
PRESENT TIME

BY
JOHN HUTCHINSON

IN TWO VOLUMES.
THE FIRST VOLUME
CONTAINS THE HISTORY
FROM THE FIRST
SETTLEMENT TO THE
PRESENT TIME

THE SECOND VOLUME
CONTAINS THE HISTORY
FROM THE FIRST
SETTLEMENT TO THE
PRESENT TIME

THE THIRD VOLUME
CONTAINS THE HISTORY
FROM THE FIRST
SETTLEMENT TO THE
PRESENT TIME

THE FOURTH VOLUME
CONTAINS THE HISTORY
FROM THE FIRST
SETTLEMENT TO THE
PRESENT TIME

THE FIFTH VOLUME
CONTAINS THE HISTORY
FROM THE FIRST
SETTLEMENT TO THE
PRESENT TIME

THE SIXTH VOLUME
CONTAINS THE HISTORY
FROM THE FIRST
SETTLEMENT TO THE
PRESENT TIME



A

Serious and Devout

ADDRESS

TO OUR LORD and SAVIOUR

JESUS CHRIST.

By way of Dedication of the following Poems.

I Presume, BLESSED REDEEMER, to lay these my Songs in the Dust at thy Footstool, and implore for them thy Patronage; not only because I am sensible how much I need that Indulgence and Protection which thou alone canst give; but also, because I know thy Goodness and Condescension is such, that thou wilt readily accept of the meanest Oblation, presented with a sincere and humble Heart---and doubtless, thou hast a juster and higher Claim to this particular Regard, than the greatest or dearest
Name

Name upon Earth; for if there be any thing excellent in them, it is derived from thyself; if they any where shine it is with the Lustre of thy Grace; if they profit or please my Fellow Worms, it will be owing to thy Blessing.

THOU art God manifest in the Flesh, and therefore worthy of my continual and most devout Affections, and warmest Zeal: And my own Heart tells me I am under a thousand Obligations to take every Opportunity, every Occasion of celebrating thy Excellencies: Nor need I fear incurring the Guilt of Flattery or Falsehood should I give my self the greatest Liberty in my Encomiums; for in thy Praises it is impossible to exceed, or say any thing too great or too high---Thy Perfections are Infinite, and surpass all the Power of mortal Language to describe, or human Thought to conceive. The Tongues of Angels, with all the strongest Metaphors, and boldest Figures of celestial Eloquence, cannot declare the Wonders of thy Name, or utter half its Glories. Thou art Almighty, thy powerful Word produc'd this vast Earth and hung it upon Nothing; thy Hand spread
the

To JESUS CHRIST. ix

the Heavens around it, and furnish'd them with all their Magnificence; Suns and Stars are the Work of thy Fingers; and all the numerous Orders of living Beings in Air, and Earth, and Sea, are derived from thee, and depend upon thee; they are all supported by thy Omnipotence, govern'd by thy Wisdom, and have all their Wants supply'd from the Stores of thy Goodness.

THOU art the Lord of Hosts, all the Armies of the upper and lower Worlds are thine, and stand and move at thy Command; and when it is thy Pleasure to make Use of them, thou canst, by their means, carry thy Conquest through the boundless Universe: Warring Angels, at thy Word, chastize guilty Nations, and cut off thy Foes by Thoutands; even the meanest Insect, and the very Atoms of Dust, arm'd with thy Power, can strike Terror into the most harden'd Hearts; and once taught an *Egyptian Monarch* in all his Pride to own thy superior Dominion---Tho' when Sin and Satan, and the Powers of Hell are to be subdued, and thy captive People deliver'd from the strong Holds and heavy Chains of Guilt, Despair, and Death, thine
own

own Arm brings Salvation; and in thine own Person alone, do'st thou put to flight the infernal Legions, spoil Principalities & Pow'rs, and in glorious Triumph lead captivity Captive, and give full Redemption to thy Chosen.

THOU art the *King of Kings*, the Sovereign of all the Consciences of Men; to thee every Knee must bow, every Tongue confess and own thy Authority, either rejoic'd with the Blessings of thy unmerited Goodness, or aw'd with the Terrors of thy righteous Vengeance. The Day, the great the awful Day is approaching, when, at thy majestic Voice, Earth and Heaven shall tremble, and at thy Presence melt away; Obedient to thy Word, the Dead shall arise; and before thy Throne of universal Judgment, all Orders and Degrees of reasonable Beings shall make their solemn Appearance, give the strictest Account of their Hearts and their Conduct to thee, hear their final Sentence from thy awful and unerring Lips, and from thy Hand receive everlasting Bliss or Woe.

NOR is thy *Love and Grace* less Wonderful than thy other Perfections; for, though
pos-

possess'd of ineffable Delight in the Bosom of thy Father, thou wast happy without us; yet thou didst freely, and unask'd by us, undertake our desperate Cause; and, to procure us Pardon, Holiness, and eternal Life, didst in the fulness of Time, willingly take our Flesh; dwell among Men, and suffer a Thousand Indignities and Affronts from them; encounter and overcome the most dreadful Temptations; feel unutterable Agonies in thy spotless Soul, and the most intense Pains in thy sacred Body and in the midst of all, pour out even thy *Life* an Offering for our Sins---Nor is this all; for now, though risen and ascended far above all the visible Heavens, and possessed of all the high Dignities and immortal Glories of thy Father's right Hand, yet thou dost not disdain to look with pitying Eyes upon our Miseries, receive our Petitions, and even thy self intercede with the Father for us in all the powerful Language of thy infinitely precious Merit.

CHARM'D with these, & numberless other amiable Excellencies of thy Name, thou hast Thousands, even on this Earth, to love and adore thee ; who esteem it their highest Honour

nour and Felicity to share in thy Friendship; and readily own, not only from the Dictates of their warmer Affections, but also from those of their most considerate Tho'ts, & coolest Reason, that the sweetest Joy they can now feel is from the Light of thy Countenance, and the Hope that when their mortal Race is finished, they shall be with thee, and see thee in that blessed World, where thou art manifested in thy brightest Lustre, and fillest every Heart with Delight unspeakable and immortal.

AND now, Dearest Saviour, graciously accept these first and feeble Efforts of the *Muse* to speak thy Glories, and let thy abundant Blessing attend them, and, through thy Grace assisting, my Heart shall gratefully acknowledge the important Favour, glow with new and more divine ardency of Affection to thee, and dictate some sweeter and more divine Song to thy Praise. *Amen.*

DIVINE

DIVINE
SONGS
HYMNS &c.

A Song of Praise to God.

I.

LET others tell of mortal Things,
Of Beauty's Pow'r and conq'ring Kings;
My Muse attempts a loftier Theme,
And Sings the great Eternal Name.

II.

High and Adventurous the Song,
Too vast e'en for an Angel's Tongue,
Nor dares the Muse, but promis'd Grace,
Aids and forgives the feeble Praise.

In God all perfect Beauty shines,
Vast are his Thoughts, deep his designs;
His Pow'r none but his Wisdom knows,
What e'er he pleases that he does.

B

IV.

IV.

Above the Heav'ns he sets his Throne,
 In Heights unrival'd and unknown;
 Of vast Eternity possess'd,
 In his own Self-sufficiency blest.

V.

Strong Beams of Glory round him play,
 His Face gives uncreated Day;
 Beneath thick Clouds of Darkness meet,
 And spread a Pavement for his Feet.

VI.

Immortal Joys at his right Hand,
 In vast unmeasur'd fulness stand;
 Upon his left red Vengeance glows,
 That burns the Worlds, and blasts his Foes.

VII.

Before him countless Armies shine,
 Form'd by his Pow'r to work Divine;
 Swift to obey his Word they fly,
 Or at his Feet adoring lie.

VIII.

He speaks, and Worlds obedient rise,
 Earth, Suns, and Stars, and circling Skies:
 A Word of his Almighty Pow'r,
 Sinks them again to rise no more.

IX.

IX.

O'er all his Works extends his Rule,
 O'er Worms and Kings, from Pole to Pole;
 He leads the Stars their trackless Rounds,
 He gives the raging Waters Bounds.

X.

These are a Portion of his Ways;
 But such his Name! So vast his Praise!
 The Muse, sings with a trembling Tongue,
 And fainting sinks beneath the Song.



A Song for Morning and Evening.

I.

With thee, great God, the stores of Light,
 And stores of Darkness lie;
 Thou form'st the sable Robe of Night,
 And spread'st it round the Sky.

II.

And when with welcome Slumbers prest,
 We close our weary Eyes,
 Thy Pow'r unseen secures our Rest,
 And makes us Joyous rise.

III.

Thy Hand a radiant Vesture flings,
 Around the chearful Day ;
 Soon from the beauteous *East* she springs,
 And Darknefs flies away.

IV.

While we the pleasing Tasks pursue,
 Thy Providence assigns,
 Or pond'ring o'er thy Works we view,
 How bright thy Godhead shines.

V.

Thus Day and Night our thankful Tongues,
 Shall sing aloud thy Praise ;
 The Light shall hear our morning Songs,
 Darknefs our ev'ning Lays.



Christ came to save Sinners. I. Tim. i. 15.

I.

TO save the Sinner doom'd to Hell,
Jesus descends on Earth to dwell ;
 There mortal Flesh like our's he wears,
 And in a Servant's form appears.

II.

DIVINE SONGS, &c.

II.

The God that rear'd the lofty Skies,
In a low Manger meekly lies,
Attendant Angels in Amaze,
Behold his Love, and sing his Praise.

III.

Encompass'd round with Foes he lives,
Oppress'd with various Woes he grieves;
Yet Health and Life his Hand bestows,
And from his Lips Salvation flows.

IV.

Anon he dies! but dies to save,
And works Redemption in the Grave;
Inspires with Life the breathless Clay,
And hurls the Bars of Death away.

V.

Then on swift Cherubs Wings he flies,
Up through the Regions of the Skies;
Fills the unrival'd Throne of God,
And rules the Nations with a Nod.

VI.

Dear Lord, let thy great Deeds inspire
Our Hearts with a celestial Fire;
Angels well pleas'd to hear our Songs,
Shall join their Harps with mortal Tongues.

ON the RESURRECTION.

The dead shall be raised and we shall be changed.

I. C OR. xv. 52.

I.

THe pow'rful Word that rear'd the Skies,
Calls thro' the World, *ye dead arise*;
The opening Graves that Word obey,
And Death and Hell resign their Prey.

II.

Sinners with Horror and Amaze,
Feel Wrath divine upon them seize;
The Saints with joyful Looks appear,
And Forms and Smiles celestial wear.

III.

Grace in them now Triumphant reigns,
Freed from Temptations, Sins, and Pains,
As Angels pure, as Cherubs gay,
Drest in immortal Light as they.

IV.

O could I say *Jesus* is mine,
Hope thus to rise and thus to shine!
Death would no horrid Aspect have,
Nor Darkness then begloom the Grave.

V.

In Hopes of that illustrious Day,
That Pow'r and Grace to change my Clay,
Chearful I'd lay me down to rest,
In the cold Bed my Saviour blest.



Security in God in the greatest Temptations.

I.

Eternal God, great Source of Pow'r,
Parent of Bliss divine!
Thy Promise *tells* me thou'rt my God,
Thy Grace hath *made* thee mine.

II.

When Sin and Hell against my Soul.
In dreadful Rage conspire,
And pour thick Tempests on my Head,
And flash infernal Fire ;

III.

Quick to the Shadow of thy Wings,
My trembling Spirit flies,
Securely shelter'd there she lives,
And all the Storm defies.

DIVINE SONGS, &c.

IV.

There Faith with her strong Eyes beholds,
Omnipotence and Grace;
Unchanging as thy Nature is,
And lasting as thy Days.

V.

Under this Shadow let me live,
And O! there let me die;
Then Life shall pass delightful o'er,
And Death itself be joy.



Desiring the last Change at the Resurrection.

I.

COME Holy Ghost whom Saints adore,
Come in thy great Heart changing Pow'r
Renew my Soul and make me bear,
The Image of my Saviour there.

II.

Then in the Dust Joyous I'd lay,
This viler Dust, my sinful Clay,
In hopes a better Form to bear,
And radiant Light Celestial wear.

III.

III.

In that great Day when Time no more,
 Shall roll his Wheels--when Lord thy Pow'r;
 Ten Thousand Glories shall express,
 Ten Thousand thankful Tongues confess.

IV.

When will the glorious Morn arise!
 Hasten dearest Saviour from the Skies;
 That this dull Flesh thy Grace may know,
 And with immortal Raptures glow!

V.

That I may join the Crouds above,
 And taste and sing redeeming Love,
 And like Angelic Flames obey,
 Lively and strong and free as they.



The excellency of Christ.

I.

IN thee, dear Lord, united meet,
 Ten Thousand Charms from Head to Feet,
 Center'd in thee all Beauties are,
 Thou fairest of ten Thousand Fair!

II.

Thy Grace has such enrapt'ring Pow'r,
 That Angels love while they adore:
 O may I find within my Breast,
 That Grace in living Lines express'd!

III.

'Till at the mention of thy Name,
 My Soul glows with the deathless Flame
 Of heav'nly Love---And thou to me,
 My Life, my Joy, my Glory be.

IV.

'Then full of thee I'd daily raise,
 On Mortal Notes some Song of Praise
 'Till past this dark this dull Abode,
 I tune the golden Harp of God.



*A Paraphrase on a Part of the XC. Psalm,
 by another Hand.*

I.

BEfore a Mountain rear'd it's Head,
 Or on it's Axis first was laid
 This massy Earth, a pond'rous Load!
 From endless Ages Lord thou wast,
 And wilt to endless Ages last,
 And be the same unchanging God.

II.

Great is thy Pow'r, and rich thy Grace,
For thou hast been our dwelling Place,
 E'er since our Nature first begun;
E'er Heav'n's bright Orbs were taught to roll,
And light the Worlds at either Pole,
 Or Time itself essay'd to run.

III.

How soon thy righteous Anger can,
When e'er it lights on sinful Man,
 Waste him away like morning Dew!
As soon thou can'st his Doom revoke,
As soon recal the deathful Stroke,
 Then he revives and lives anew.

IV.

A thousand Years, long as they seem
To us, with thee have no Esteem
 More than a fleeting Watch of Night,
That after Midnight is begun,
And finish'd e'er the rising Sun
 Shoots the first Ray of dawning Light.





A Funeral Hymn.

I.

DEath reigns, and all below the Skies,
 Confess his pow'rful Sway,
 The Rich the Mighty and the Wise,
 Pleas'd or unpleas'd obey.

II.

Eternal Worlds of Bliss or Woe,
 ' Wait on his Icey Hand ;
 And stand unveil'd when e'er his Blow,
 Fulfils the dread Command.

III.

A Blow may strike us to the Grave,
 E'er the next setting Sun,
 And yet how few the Fears we have,
 Lest we should be undone.

VI.

Fast on t' immortal Things we go,
 Yet mortal Things pursue ;
 Regardless of the Worlds of Woe,
 And Worlds of Pleasure too.

V.

Happy the Man who taught by Grace,
To fix his Hope above;
Hates and forsakes the Sinner's Ways,
And trusts redeeming Love.



A Hymn for the Lord's Table, from Cant. i. 7.

I.

COME gentle Shepherd, fairest Form,
In Earth or Heav'n above;
Bound to my Soul by all the Names,
And all the Pow'rs of Love.

II.

Come lead me to the happy Shades,
Where thy lov'd Flocks recline,
And where they feast on heav'nly Bread,
And drink immortal Wine.

III.

Why should I wander from thy fold,
And in the Desert stray?
No Comforts cheer my Soul like thine,
None taste so sweet as they.

IV.

Jesus! 'tis a most blisful Word,
 It fills my Heart with Joy;
 To this Arch-Angels tune their Songs,
 For this their Harps employ.

V.

To him I here my Vows renew,
 To him myself resign,
 Be Witness Angels, I am his,
 And he for ever mine.



The Inheritance of the Saints in Light. Col. i. 12.

I.

A FAR beyond these dying Things,
 Where *Jesus* reigns, and *Gabriel* sings,
 A fair Inheritance there lies;
 More beauteous far than are the Skies.

II.

There live the Heirs born from above,
 Perfect in all the Joys of Love;
 Celestial Themes employ their Tongues,
 Pure are their Hearts, and sweet their Songs.

III.

III.

All in one great Salvation share,
One Father all, one Name they bear;
In the same Robes of Beauty drest,
With the same blisful Vision blest.

IV.

Jesus they see from his high Throne,
Darting immortal Glory down;
Night at approachless Distance flies,
and Noon eternal glads their Eyes.

V.

Seraphs and Cherubs Strong and Bright,
Aw'd with th' insufferable Light,
Far off their joyful Homage pay,
Adore and bless the God of Day.

VI.

Nor is there found one silent Tongue
One Heart untun'd or Harp unstrung;
But all in ceaseless Musick move,
And tell of *Jesus* and his Love.

VII.

O how I long up there to flie,
To see that Sight, and feel that Joy!
For Earth in all her Glory seems,
But a meer Toy in idle Dreams.

The Throne of Grace.

I.

G Race from a Throne divinely Bright,
 Dispenses Blessings rich and free;
 Mercy and Truth sweetly unite,
 And call my fainting Soul on thee.

II.

“ Here come and from the bounteous Hand,
 “ Take Light and Life, and Joy and Peace,
 “ ’Tis the Redeemer’s kind Command,
 “ And ’tis thy own immortal Bliss.

III.

“ Here sinking Faith and fainting Hope
 “ Are rais’d --- here Death is overcome---
 “ Here is the Pow’r that holds thee up,
 “ Here is the Guide that leads thee Home ”

*Walking with God.*

I.

stoop

A ND will the World’s great Ruler
 To visit our abode?
 Make us who viler are than Dust,
 Companions for a God?

II.

II.

Amazing Grace! O may my Soul,
It's vital Influence prove!
Turn from the dang'rous Ways of Sin,
To Paths of heav'nly Love.

III.

Sweet Cherubs fill the shining Road,
There walks my *Jesus* too;
To guard and chear me in the Way,
And safe conduct me thro'

IV.

On his dear hand all Day I'll lean;
And take my nightly Rest
Beneath the Shadow of his Wings;
In both secure and blest.

V.

E'en in Death's dark and dreary Wilds,
With joyous steps I'll move;
Blest by the all enliv'ning Beams,
Shed from the Throne above.





And you — hath he reconciled. Col. i. 21.

I.

THE Sinner while estrang'd in Mind
From heav'nly Things; sensual & blind,
Proud and rebellious, does e'en dare,
To wage with God destructive War.

II.

But *Jesus* shews his wounded Side,
Tells how he lov'd, and how he dy'd,
Unveils, adorn'd with glorious Grace,
The Father's reconciled Face.

III.

With melting Heart and wond'ring Eyes,
What Love is this! The Sinner cries;
Then down his rebel Arms he throws,
And for his Pardon trembling sue.

IV.

The Father lends a gracious Ear,
And answers soon the humble Pray'r;
Thy Sins are pardon'd, Soul, he says,
Dismiss thy Fears and take the Grace.

V.

He takes---adores---and fill'd with Love,
Cleaves to his God, and looks above;
Aspires to high immortal Things,
Despises Earth, and pities Kings.

VI.

Lord shew me too, that smiling Face,
This rebel Heart, struck with thy Grace,
Shall kiss thy Feet, thy Love adore,
And wage the impious War no more.



The VOICE of the LORD.

*Compos'd on a Storm of Thunder and Lightning,
October the 23d. 1746.*

I.

THUS speaks the God that bid the Worlds
With all their Glories be;
Whose Pow'r upholds the rolling Stars,
And binds the raging Sea.

II.

This is the Voice of him with whom
Immortal Terrors dwell;
Whose Veng'ance with resistless Pow'r,
Burns thro' the deeps of Hell.

III.

'Tis the thick darkness of his Feet,
That now beglooms the Sky ;
He breaths these flames that round us thus,
In baleful Lightnings flie.

IV.

E'er long this Voice in louder Peals,
Shall fill the Worlds with Dread,
Make Earth down to her Centre shake,
And wake the sleeping Dead.

V.

When *Jesus* from his Father's Side,
Array'd in dreadful Flame,
Shall come, and fiercer Lightnings spread,
The Terrors of his Name.

VI.

When Earth and Skies enwrapt in Fire,
Shall with dire Fury burn ;
And Hell herself new ~~new~~ Horrors feel,
And with new Anguish mourn.

VII.

Then shall the guilty Wretch that dares
Despise a Saviour's blood,
All trembling and defenceless meet,
The Vengeance of his God.

VIII.

VIII.

But why, my Soul, art thou afraid,
To see thy Lord thus shine?
That Pow'r that blasts his rebel Foes,
Shall make Salvation thine.



Praise to God for his Providence and Grace.

I.

TO Thee Almighty God I'll Sing,
To thee devote my choicest Lays;
Thy Word first gave me leave to be,
Thy Hand sustain'd me all my Days.

II.

When first the Verge of being I
In infant State, unthinking trod,
Thy Arms encircling all around,
Preserv'd me thro' the dang'rous Road.

III.

And when to youthful Follies prone,
I went in sinful Paths astray;
Thy Word recal'd my thoughtless Feet,
And pointed out the heav'nly Way.

IV.

IV.

I heard thy Law for Vengeance cry,
 A thousand Fears my Soul oppress'd,
 Peace, said the all-atoning Blood,
 A thousand Pleasures fill'd my Breast.

V.

Of what shall I an Offering make,
 Of *Indian* Gems or golden Oar?
 Of Myrrh or all the rich Perfumes,
 Brought from *Arabia's* spicey Shoar?

VI.

Shall sweetest Incense thro' the Air,
 In fable Circles gently fly?
 Shall Cattle from a thousand Hills,
 Around thy Altars bleeding lie?

VII.

No---*such* Oblations I reject,
And these demand, the Father says,
Thy Heart inflam'd with Jesus' Love,
Thy Tongue harmonious in his Praise.

VIII.

They're thine my God.---But what's my Heart,
 To all the Blessings of thy Love?
 What my best Praises here below,
 Or better Hearts and Songs above?



*The Frailty of Man, his Danger and Remedy.
A funeral Hymn.*

I.

MAN is but Grass, his Glory fades,
And like a Flow'r he dies,
This Day he gaily lives, the next
A Wither'd Carcass lies.

II.

Dreadful Diseases round him stand,
His dying Flesh to tear;
While Sin and Guilt spread thro' his Soul,
Sorrows more dreadful far.

III.

Eternity before him rolls,
A vast and awful Deep!
While on it's high and frightful Brink,
He dares securely sleep.

IV.

Eternity! amazing Thought!
None thy vast meaning knows;
Immeasurable Depths thy Joys,
And such thy Fiery Woes.

V.

Hear then, ye careless Sinners, hear!
Death now forewarns you all;
While others near you in those Deeps,
With dying outcries fall.

VI.

And see him too, on Time's swift Wings,
With looks of Terror come,
To give you next the dreadful Blow,
And fix your endless Doom.

VII.

But hark! the Saviour's gentle Voice,
In gracious Accents sounds;
He calls you upward to the Skies,
With Pray'rs, and Tears, and Wounds.

VIII.

See how invitingly he looks,
And shews you all his Charms;
Sweet Smiles of Pardon in his Face,
And Heav'n within his Arms.

IX.

Believe him, and your Souls shall know,
Those Blessings of his Love;
The Sweets of pard'ning Grace below,
And all that Heav'n above.



A Morning Hymn.

I.

TO thee, my God, in thankful Song,
My morning Thoughts arise;
Thy Goodness made my Slumbers sweet,
And cheers my waking Eyes.

II.

With joyful Heart I now behold
The Sun's enlivening Beams:
I might have wak'd in fore Affright,
Amidst devouring Flames.

III.

Numbers this Night in Death have met
Their long Eternal doom,
And lost the Joys of morning Light,
I' th' Horrors of a Tomb.

IV.

Many, e'en dear to thee, oppress'd
With Cares, and Fears, and Pain,
Sleepless have wish'd returning Day,
And Day return'd in vain:

V.

Still on their restless Beds they lie,
 And still their Woes bewail;
 While I, by thy kind Hand uprais'd,
 A thousand Pleasures feel.

VI.

To thee, my God, in thankful Song,
 My morning Thoughts arise;
 Propitious in thy Son accept,
 The willing Sacrifice.



An Evening Hymn.

I.

THY Goodness of the Day, my God,
 Demands an ev'ning Song;
 Mercy attended ev'ry Hour,
 And sweet they roll'd along.

II.

Satan and Sin watch'd all my Paths,
 My heedless Feet to snare;
 And I had been their easy Prey,
 Had not my God been there.

III.

Around a thousand Arrows flew,
Arm'd with Disease or Death,
But thy almighty Care hath still
Preserv'd my feeble Breath.

IV.

My num'rous Wants were well supply'd,
With what thy Hand bestow'd ;
My Table spread with Food, my Cup
With Blessings overflow'd.

V.

What Sins, thine all-surveying Eye,
In me this Day hath found,
Above them far, let thy rich Grace,
And pard'ning Love abound.

VI.

Then in thy all-upholding Arms,
I'll lay me down to rest ;
Or in this World, or in the next,
Awake divinely blest.



A SONG OF PRAISE

On the Suppression of the late horrid Rebellion, by the glorious Victory obtained by his ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, near Culloden House, April the 16th, 1746. Several Stanzas of which, were sung October the 9th, 1746 being the Day of general Thanksgiving.

I.

LONG had our God with kindest Smiles,
Deign'd to rejoice and bless our Isles;
We did as long ungrateful prove,
Affront his Laws and slight his Love.

II.

Displeas'd, he gives th' assenting Word,
And Tyranny awakes her Sword;
Rebellion hears, and round her far,
Calls all her bloody Sons to War.

III.

Quickly they come, from bleak abodes,
O'er craggy Wilds, thro' trackless Roads,
Conquer a while, and boasting cry,
Britain, we'll win thy Crown or die.

IV.

DIVINE SONGS, &c.

IV.

Our Daughters trembling hear th' Alarms,
Our Sons surpriz'd, flie some to Arms,
Some pray'rful at the heav'nly Throne,
Urge with strong Cries Salvation down.

V.

Nor urge in Vain---Lo! from the Skies,
Charg'd with the Blessing, *Gabriel* flies,
To sure Destruction dooms the Foe,
And WILLIAM sends to deal the Blow.

VI.

WILLIAM! in Love to *Britain* giv'n,
Joy of our Hearts and Care of Heav'n;
WILLIAM e'en *now* the dread of *Rome*,
The scourge of Tyrants yet to come.

VII.

Before him flies on Wings of Fame,
In Terror cloath'd his Warlike Name;
Strong Fears the guilty Wretches seize,
And back they haste in wild Amaze.

VIII.

'Till fill'd with Rage, Shame, and Despair,
At last they tempt decisive War;
The *Hero* comes---their Squadrons all,
Confounded flie, or slaughter'd fall.

IX.

DIVINE SONGS, &c.

IX.

Rebellion with affrighted Eyes,
Beholds the Scene !---despairs and dies ;
Tyranny raging, bites her Chain,
While Peace and Plenty smile again.

X.

Thus, Lord of Hosts, thine awful Hand,
Chastens and saves the fav'rite Land ;
And thus to thee each loyal Tongue,
Tunes in glad Notes the tribute Song.

XI.

Accept the Praise,---thy People own,
And guard Thyself the *British* Throne :
Then *GEORGE* shall live---Nor *Bourbon* dare,
With *Britons* wage intestine War.



The first Part of the XVIII Psalm.

Literally translated from the Latin of Buchanan.

* * * *The Words in the Italic Letter are Supplements.*

T Hee, gracious God, I'll worship, thee I'll love
With Heart intire, Parent divine, my Strength,
My only Might, Fortrefs, Protection, Hope,
And in Distrefs extreme my Consolation ;
To me a Shield, Arms, and sure Anchor, thou
Of my Salvation ——— thou
The Bosom most serene of Harbour safe : For

DIVINE SONGS, &c.

3

For when my Lips I open to thy Praise,
Revereing thee, and asking Peace, the Arms
Hostile withdraw ——— *to me* Salvation flies,
And her Attendant, Peace, on placid Wings.

Black Death had now with baleful Ills roll'd round
Me, *and* the Grave, me now beset, restrain'd
With torrent Waves; I now with Stygian Chain
Fast bound was held, and dragg'd by the *strong* Snare
My Feet detaining — — —

Thus caught, suppliant and lowly, I invok'd
God with my Voice, and to the Stars I cry'd
In doubtful Plight---He sitting on the Throne
Of blazing Heav'n, heard me imploring Aid,
Soon as the Sound arriv'd on high, and turn'd
His gracious Ear attentive to my Complaints.

Forthwith the Earth at th' Presence of the Lord,
Astonish'd, trembles, and the Mountains from
Their porous Bandage loos'd, reel to and fro,
And *down* quite in their lowest Caverns, groan.

With breathful Blast *forth* from his Nostrils streams
A smoakey Torrent---flames *forth* from his Mouth
By fiercely driven Whirlwind rapid, flow,
And kindle what they touch with vivid Sparkles.

Her lofty Summits, Heav'n * commanded, bows
Gently, that to Earth's Orb she might send down
Her Lord---Brown shades of Darkness at his Feet
Subside---*while* borne on flying Carr (to which
A flamey Wing) holding the Reins, he steers
Upon the Winds swift Pinions---*and* himself
Around enfolds, in † dusky Robe of Vapours,
And spreads the pitchy Waves, in hollow Clouds,
From his keen Eyes, sharp Points of brandish'd Flame,
Disperse the horrid Shades with bright Effulgence,
And then a crashing Storm of stony Hail

Pours

* *Jussim.* † *Fulvo.*

Pours down, and vagant Flames spread round
Their curling Rolls ———

But as with sacred Voice he Silence broke.
Forthwith all Heav'n resounds with horrid Thunder;
And Earth, beat with the Hail's thick clatt'ring Storm,
Rattles aloud, and from the ruptur'd Clouds
Glitter the *baleful* Fires; and thro' the Void
Immense enflaming Arrows *swiftly* fly,
And Lightnings dire redouble; shudder'd Earth
Wide yawning, open lays the hollow Beds
Of springing Waters, and her Jaws unbinds
To flowing Fountains, and *all* fearful trembles,
And reveals, her deep Foundations, and *e'en*
Hell unbars ———
So the strong Voice of Mouth eternal, so
The Breath of Wrath tremendous fiercely rages---

N. B. *Here I have presented my Readers with a Translation, I think, perfectly Literal, in the same Case, Mood, Tense, Number, &c. unless in one or two Places. --- Had I taken the usual Freedom of a Translator, the Verse might have appear'd to greater Advantage; or had I not confin'd myself to the Measures of Verse, the Diction might have been more easy and natural; but I hope, as it is, it will serve to shew what Affinity there is between the poetic Stile of the Latin, and that of the English; and how possible it is to translate the best Latin Poets into our Language, even literally, with tolerable Propriety, to the no small Benefit of young Scholars.*

An



An H Y M N

*For January the 7th, 1746-7. Being the Day
appointed by Authority for a general Humilia-
tion, fasting, and Prayer.*

I.

LOOK, heav'nly Father, pitying down,
On *Britain* Prostrate at thy Throne;
Griev'd for her Sins, cover'd with Shame,
And trembling at thy awful Name.

II.

We see thy just avenging Hand,
Still lifted o'er the guilty Land:
Tyrants their cursed Schemes prepare,
And thirst for Blood, and breathe out War,

III.

The * Beasts that should our Wants supply,
Struck with thy Plagues, around us die;
And while these harden'd Hearts we feel,
We fear more dreadful Judgments still.

* Alluding to a contagious Dissemper that had then for
some Time raged amongst the great Horn'd Cattle, and
destroy'd many Thousands in a few Months.

IV.

But hear, indulgent God, the Cries
That from the Dust united rise,
While Princes, Priests and People own
In humble Grief, the Crimes they've done.

V.

Tho' guilty, still thy Name we bear,
With us thy Church, Word, Glory are ;
All these in ardent Pray'r we plead,
O hear and let thy Wrath be stay'd.

VI.

Of old, when guilty *Ephraim* mourn'd
His Sins, and to thy Mercy turn'd ;
Soon thy paternal Bowels mov'd,
And he was own'd a Child belov'd.

VI.

Are not thy Mercies still the same ?
Canst thou forget the Father's Name ?
Or shall thy Children now complain,
They've sought their God, & sought in Vain ?

VIII.

Behold thy Son still at thy Side,
Pleading the Wounds with which he dy'd,
Pleading for *Britain* --- Hear his Pray'r,
And yet the guilty Nation spare.

IX.

DIVINE SONGS, &c.



IX.

Try us, O try us yet once more,
With Mercy's soft subduing Pow'r:
Mercy, the stubborn'st Heart can move,
And fire the coldest Breast with Love.

X.

Then shall Prince, Priest, and People join,
In thankful Shouts, and Songs divine,
Thy great thy glorious Name to praise,
Fear thy just Wrath, and love thy Grace.

N. B. *Because of the Length, the 6th and 7th
Stanzas were design'd to be omitted in singing,
as might also the 5th or 8th.*



On the Nativity of CHRIST.

I.

Illuſtrious Morn! what Glory ſhone
On thy reſplendent Wings,
When Jeſus left his ſtarry Throne
And ſtoop'd to mortal Things!



DIVINE SONGS, &c.

II.

Angels as fair as thy own Light
Shoot down th' Ætherial Way,
On radiant Pinions, swift of Flight,
And hail the blisful Day.

III.

*Glory to God, they Joyous sing,
Through all the Heights of Heav'n ;
Tidings of Love to Men we bring,
And Peace on Earth is giv'n.*

IV.

*Glory to God, let all our Tongues
In tuneful Notes reply,
While Jesus' Love inspires our Songs,
And sweetens ev'ry Joy.*

V.

Justice for Vengeance dreadful burn'd
Just o'er our guilty Heads,
And we our ruin'd Souls had mourn'd
In Hell's tremendous Shades:

VI.

But *Jesus* felt his Bowels move,
And down to Earth he flies,
On the swift Wings of heav'nly Love:
Is born, and bleeds, and dies.

VII.

VII.

Dies to atone his Father's Wrath,
And then ascends his Throne;
Pleads his own Blood, of countless Worth,
And sheds his Spirit down.

VIII.

May that dear Pledge of Heav'nly Bliss,
In all our Hearts be found!
Then we shall live where *Jesus* is,
Like him with Glory crown'd.



From the CXXXIX. Psalm, by another Hand.

I.

Great God, to whose Impartial View,
All Things appear, but Nothing New,
Thine Eye has search'd me thro' and thro'.

II.

Thou see'st my Motion and my Rest,
Know'st ev'ry Tho't within my Breast
E'er Thoughts can be in Words express'd.

III.

III.

Thy pow'rful Hand, that built my Frame,
And warm'd it with it's vital Flame,
Is, to preserve me still the same.

IV.

Could stupid Infidelity,
Prevent that Love I owe to thee,
Where from thy Prefence could I flee?

V.

If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
Thy glorious Throne o'erwhelms my Sight
With blazing Majesty and Light.

VI.

Thro' horrid Shades of black Despair,
If to Hell's Centre I repair,
Array'd in Terrors thou art there!

VII.

If rising with the morning Ray,
I reach those Realms beyond the Sea,
Whose Barriers catch the falling Day;

VII.

E'en there surpriz'd I meet thine Hand,
Thy Vengeance waiting where I Land,
To bind the Rebel on the Strand.

IX.

DIVINE SONGS, &c.

IX.

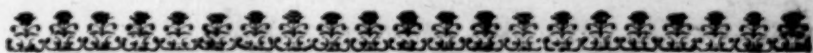
Or if, to shun impeaching Light,
I seek the Shadows of the Night;
No Darkness hides me from thy Sight:

X.

The guilty Soul is soon betray'd,
While thy keen Rays at once pervade,
The most impenetrable Shade.

XI.

Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, to thee are known,
And Night and Day to thee are one
Eternal, undeclining Noon.



His tender Mercies are over all his Works.

I.

THE tender mercies of the Lord,
Thro' all the Earth abound;
And ev'ry Rank of Being there,
Is with those Mercies crown'd.

II.

When the hot Dog-star's fiery Beams,
Withers the flow'ry Plains,
By Night he gives the kindly Dews,
By Day refreshing Rains.

III.

III.

When hungry Lions for their Food
Thro' the wide Defarts roar,
He hears, and timely sends supplies,
From his unbounded Store.

IV.

But Man, his fairest Work below,
For nobler Bliss design'd,
Is by his Word instructed where
His Radiant Seat to find.

V.

Nor burns avenging Justice there,
By the Son's Blood aton'd;
But in the loveliest Glories drest,
Sweet Mercy sits enthron'd.

VI.

There we may tell our Sorrows all,
All that we feel or fear;
While to the mournful Theme he lends
A Father's gracious Ear.

VII.

He will the Widow's Wrongs redress,
And hear the Orphan's cries,
Accept the Wretch that from the Dust,
For pard'ning Mercy sighs.

VIII.

VIII.

Let Earth then all her Tongues employ.
His Goodness to declare;
And tell aloud to distant Worlds,
How Rich her Blessings are.

IX.

Ye flow'ry Plains, your Odours breath
An Incense to his Skies;
While the full Lyon's grateful Shouts,
From *Lybian* Desarts rise.

X.

Ye Sons of *Adam* tune your Songs,
In Notes of loftier Sound,
While list'ning Angels from the Skies
Spread the glad Echoes round.



AN EPITAPH

*On Cardinal F---y Prime Minister of Fr---ce.
The Latin by an unknown Hand.*

HIC jacet, qui floruit sine Fructu;
Et defloruit sine Fletu.

Thus English'd, Feb. 28 1742-3.

FRuitless he flourish'd, and now lies
A wither'd Sight, to tearless Eyes.

AN EPITAPH

To the Memory of the Rev. Mr. R-----d C-----r.

THE Man belov'd, of chearful Faith,
Lies here, bound in the Chains of Death;
Mute now the once instructive Tongue,
On which with Pleasure oft we hung;
His active Soul exults in Day,
Tho' Night enwraps his wither'd Clay;
Which too, when *Jesus* bids it rise,
Shall burst these Chains, and climb the Skies.

AN EPITAPH

*In Memory of Mrs. E----h P--tt, who died of a
violent Disorder in the 16th Year of her Age.*

STay hasty Youth, and view my Tomb,
Nor vainly boast of Years to come;
Your Bodies built of feeble Clay,
Like mine, may full as soon decay;

Young

Young once as you, I thought to see
 Life's Joys in long Futurity;
 But e'er I sixteen Years had known,
 Death came and tore the Fabric down.

AN EPITAPH

*To the Memory of Mr. T----s C----t, a pious
 Youth, who dy'd of the Small Pox.*

I Once with Youth and Vigour blest,
 Ten Thousand pleasing Hopes possess'd;
 But Death's envenom'd Arrow flies,
 And ev'ry Hope declines and dies,
 But the immortal---these survive,
 Inspir'd by Grace, and taught to live
 On *Christ* the Life, whose quickning Pow'r,
 Shall raise this dust to die no more.

AN EPITAPH

To the Memory of Mr. W----h.

Cease weeping Friends, this lavish Sorrow save,
 Nor bury thus your Comforts in my Grave;
 Could ought that you can do improve my Joy,
 'Twould be, that Things divine your Cares employ:
 Grant then this dearest Pledge of all your Love,
 And tread the Paths that lead ^{to} me ~~to~~ above,
 There Love divine in ev'ry Bosom glows,
 And Bliss in Chrystal Streams for ever flows.

An

AN EPITAPH

*To the Memory of Mrs. C----r, who dy'd in an
advanced Age, after a tedious Illness.*

I Long beneath the Load of Life had lain,
Worn out with Age, and ling'ring Days of Pain,
E'er th' imprison'd Soul could quit it's Clay,
And change this dark abode for endless Day :
But gentle Death, the kindest Friend below,
Broke down the Walls at last and let the Pris'ner go.

F I N I S.



For the 3rd & 6th stanza's p. 24
Read this

~~Heavenly Father~~

Hear then the hollow Voice of Death,
ye careless Sinners Hear,
As on with horrid Strides he comes
To fix you quickly there.